

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOL. III.

OREGON, MO., MARCH 27, 1868.

No. 38.

Cards.

FRANK S. HOWARD, M. D.,
Will practice medicine in town and country.
OFFICE—Peter's Drug Store.
26-17

IRA C. BUZICK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
(1117-17)

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
Real Estate Agent,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE—One door west City Hotel, up stairs.
(1119-17)

ZOOK & SCOTT,
Bankers and Dealers in Exchange,
and REAL ESTATE,
OREGON, MO.
Do a general banking business. Deposits re-
ceived. Collections made. (1116-17)

DEVENEY & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Boots and Shoes,
FOREST CITY, MO.
Eastern and custom made work constantly on
hand. All work warranted. (1122-17)

JAMES H. NILES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
And Manufacturer of
Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron
Ware,
N. E. Corner Public Square,
OREGON, MO.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter, taken in ex-
change for Tinware. (1111-17)

Billiard Hall,
S. W. BEALS, Prop'r.
THE LOVERS OF BILLIARDS, are invited to
call at the new Billiard Hall one door East of
City Hotel. Charges reasonable. No drinking
or disorderly conduct allowed. (1114-17)

Best and Cheapest Wagons,
CALL AT DEMUTH'S
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
FOREST CITY, MO.
A full supply always on hand. (1117-17)

H. MURPHY,
Merchant Tailor,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING,
AND
Furnishing Goods of the Latest Styles
ALWAYS ON HAND.
SUITS MADE TO ORDER, ON SHORT NOTICE
and in the latest styles. Call and examine
stock of Furnishing and Piece Goods.
(1113-17)

SIDDENS & VANDERLINDE,
Dealers in
DRUGS AND BOOKS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Main Street, North Side Public Square, under Bu-
zick's Law Office,
OREGON, MO.
(1114-17)

Woolworth & Colt,
BOOK BINDERS,
and Dealers in
Books, Stationery,
Paper Hanging and Printer's Stock,
No. 12 Second street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Cash paid for Rags.
(Sep 27-17-17)

**PAMPHLET PRINTED DONE AT THE SEN-
TINEL OFFICE.**

FARLEIGH & SERGEANT,
No. 4, FOURTH ST.,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
Importers and Jobbers of
Cutlery, Shell and Heavy
Hardware,
Agricultural Tools, &c.,
T. FARLEIGH,
Late T. Farleigh & Co.
(1116-17)

MANSFIELD & ELLINGWOOD,
Successors to A. G. Mansfield.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Iron, Steel, Hardware,
Wagon & Buggy Wood Work, Black-
smith's Tools,
AGRICULTURAL IM-
PLEMENTS,
Farm and Garden Seeds, &c.,
Sole Agents for
DEERE'S MOLINE PLOWS;
BROWN'S CORN PLANTERS;
BUCKEYE REAPERS AND MOWERS;
THRASHING MACHINES, and
PATENT SPINNING WHEELS.
No. 22, Third street, Sign of the Anvil & Pad-lock.
(1116-17)

Western Depot of Music.
P. L. HUYETT & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CHICKERING PIANOS, OR-
GAN'S MELODEONS, GUI-
TARS, VIOLINS, AC-
CORDEONS,
Publishers of Sheet Music,
MUSIC BOOKS, STRINGS, &c.
THE WESTERN TEMPLE OF MUSIC is the only
wholesale Music House in the city, and the largest
in the west; and will make inducements to Teach-
ers, Clergymen, and Sabbath Schools, that no other
house can. (1114-17)

P. L. HUYETT & SON,
No. 9, Fourth st., ST. JOSEPH, MO.
(1115-17)

THE BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.
PIANO-FORTES,
Wholesale Agency.
The subscriber, late a member of this well known
firm has established a
WHOLESALE AGENCY,
783 Broadway, New York City,
Where he will be pleased to receive the orders of his
friends and the public, and especially to hear from
those who have so liberally bestowed their patron-
age on the firm heretofore. He will supply these
superior instruments to the trade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
At the very Lowest Prices,
Made with the Insulated Iron Rim and Frame (cast
in one solid plate.) They excel all others in dura-
bility, superiority of tone, and elegance of external
appearance.
All these Pianos have overstrung Seals, giving
in connection with the patent iron rim and frame,
Full, Round, Powerful, and Sweet Mellow Tones.
The cases are elegant in appearance, and easily and
safely handled.
Warranted to prove satisfactory, or
the money returned.
Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT,
783 Broadway, N. Y.
TO
SIBERIA OTT,
783 Broadway, N. Y.
(1115)

Music Teachers
And Dealers.
The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish Sheet
Music, String, Musical Instruments, and Music
Books of all kinds at the lowest trade rates, from
the largest collections in this country.
Orders punctually and faithfully attended to.
Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT,
783 Broadway, N. Y.
(1115)

HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL.
A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY CHAS. W. BOWMAN,
OREGON, Holt county, Mo.
TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEA.
WANTED—A MINISTER.
We have been without a pastor
some eighteen months or more;
and though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score.
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
We're just as for an evangelist
From settling on the man.
The first who came among us
by no means was the worst.
But then we didn't think of him
because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few
Before the Church in earnest
Determines what to do.
There was a smart young fellow
With serious earnest way,
Who but for one great blunder
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good an impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would stay.
The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some industrial student
Who rent the highest pews.
On these his pungent dealing
Made last a sorry hit;
The cost of Gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled;
At once, we put him aside,
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call.
Next came a spruce young dandy,
He wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby;
And his voice not a'er strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those,
We couldn't heed the sermon
For thinking of his nose.
Then, wary of candidates,
We looked the country through,
"Mid Doctors and Professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Parker.
Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the pinch,
Who strangely thought that College
Had chains above our church.
Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for the cause,
Of the Rev. shallow spurge.
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful in style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.
His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so sublime,
A lady fainted in the hymn
Before the second line.
And on that day he gave us
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlighten'd crowd.
He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angels' food
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and peony streams,
Of warbling birds, and moonlight groves,
And golden sunset hues.
Of faith and true repentance
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great address
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.
Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days;
We thought it very liberal,
And found it true to say;
But when we took the paper
We had no need to urge
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. shallow spurge.
In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping them in tow;
But where they paid the highest
He was whispered he would go.
And now, good Christian brethren,
We ask your earnest prayers
That God would send us prepared
To guide our church aright,
With this clear understanding—
A man to mend the faith,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.
—LITERARY.

loss he deplored, had recently departed.
The letter of introduction which he pre-
sented to Mr. Copeland, was quickly yet
carefully perused, and as it was some-
what unique, we shall take the liberty
of presenting it to the inspection of the
reader:
—, 11 mo. 18—
FRIEND PAUL.—This will introduce to
thee Charles Copeland. He has come to
the city in pursuit of business. Thou
mayest depend on him for aught that he
can do and shall not lean on a broken
reed. If thou canst do anything for him,
thou mayest venture to benefit thyself
and have cause to rejoice.
Thy friend, and present friend,
MICHA LOOMIS.

"It is not every one who can get old
Micha Loomis' endorsement on his char-
acter," said Paul Bremen to himself, as
he folded up the letter of a well known
associate of former days. "Micha is good
for a quarter of a million, or for any
thing else—it will do—I want him—busi-
ness increasing—must have more help—
now as well as any other time."
The old gentleman looked at all this
as he stood gazing in perfect silence on
the man before him. At length he opened
his lips:
"Mr. Copeland, you know all about
books?"
"I have had a few years' experience."
"Any objections to a place here? Pre-
tend close work—a thousand a year."
"None in the world."
"When can you begin?"
"Now."

A real smile broke on the old man's
face. It lingered like the rays of the set-
ting sun among the clouds of evening,
lighting up those seemingly hard, dark
features.
A stool was pushed to the new comer,
books were opened, matters explained,
directions were given, the pen was dip-
ped in the ink, and in short, before an
hour had passed, you would have thought
that the old man and the young man had
known each other for years.

In reference to our friend, it will
be sufficient to remark, that he had been
liberally educated, as the phrase goes,
and though he had entered early into busi-
ness, he had not neglected the cultivation
of mind and heart. He had found time
to cherish a general acquaintance
with the most noteworthy authors of
the day, both literary and religious, and
with many of past times. After a few
years' success in the pursuits to which
he devoted himself, misfortunes came
thick and fast upon him. He found him-
self left with scarcely any property, and
alone in the world, save his two lovely
daughters.

As years after years passed away, he
grew steadily in the confidence of his
employer, who felt, though he said it
not, that in him he possessed a treasure.
Very little, indeed, was said by either
of them, not connected with the routine
of business, and there had been no inter-
course between them except in the count-
ing room. Thus six years went by, to-
ward the close of which period Mr. Bre-
man was found looking forward
with much earnestness to the young man
before him. Something was evidently
brewing in that old head. What could
it be? And then, too, at home he looked
curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled.
"Sure," said James, "something
perplexed for those looks dwell much
on her."
"What is it, father?" said she to him,
one morning at the breakfast table, as he
sat gazing steadily in her face—"what is
it? Do tell me."
"I wish you would have him!" burst
forth, like an avalanche.
"Have known him for years—true as a
ledger—real sensible man—don't talk
much—regular as a clock—is prime for
business, and worth his weight in gold."
"Have whom, father? What are you
talking about?"
"My head clerk, Copeland—you don't
know him—do—haven't seen anybody
else worth an old quill."
Annie was puzzled. She laughed how-
ever, and said:
"Marry my father's clerk, what would
the world say?"
"Humbug, child, humbug—worth forty
of your whiskered, lounging, lazy
gentry—say what you will—who cares?
What's money, after all—got enough of
it—want a sensible man—want some-
body to take care of it—all humbug."
"What's humbug, father?"
"Why, people's notions on these mat-
ters—Copeland is poor—so was I once—
may be again—world's full of changes—
seen a great many in my days—can't stay
here long—got to leave you, Annie—
wish you'd like him."
"Father, are you serious?"
"Serious, child," and he looked so.
Annie was a chip from the old block—
a strong minded, resolute girl. A new
idea seemed to strike her.
"Father, if you really are serious in
this matter, I'll see this Copeland: I'll
get acquainted with him. If he likes me
and I like him, I'll have him. But he
must like me for myself alone; I must
know it. Will you leave the matter
to me?"
"Go ahead, my child, and do as you
like. Good morning."
"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter
my name a little; I shall appear to be
a poor girl, a companion of our friend,
Mrs. Richards, in 11—street; she shall
know the whole affair; you shall call me
by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be
a relative of yours; you shall suggest
the business to Mr. Copeland, as you
call him, and arrange for the first inter-
view. The rest will take care of itself."
"I see, I see," and one of those rare
smiles illuminated his whole face. It
actually got between his lips, parted
them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth
but little the worse for wear, and was

resting there when he left the house for
the counting room. The twilight of that
smile was not yet gone when he reached
the well-known spot, and bowed, and
looked "good morning" to those in his
employ; for old Paul was, after his fash-
ion, a polite man. On the morning of
that day, what looks were directed to
our friend Charles, so many, so peculiar,
so full of something, that the head clerk
could not but notice them, and that, too,
with some alarm. What was coming?
At last the volcano burst forth:
"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't
you get a wife?"
Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he
could not have been more astonished.
Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the
counting-room, too? The very lodger
seemed to blush at the introduction of
such a subject. He, for the first time,
made a blot on the fair page before him.
"I say—why don't you get a wife?
Know just the thing for you—prime ar-
ticle—poor enough, to be sure, what of
that—a fortune in a wife, you know—a
sort of relative of mine—don't want to
muddle with other people's affairs—know
your own business best—can't help
thinking you will be happier—must see
her."

Now, the fact is, that Charles had for
some time past thought so himself, but
how the old man could completely di-
vine his feelings was quite a puzzle to
him. In the course of the day a note was
put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James,
his Irish servant, the contents of which
produced another grim smile. When
the moment for his return home arrived,
Mr. B., landed a sealed document of
rather imposing form to Charles, say-
ing:
"Copeland, you'll oblige me by deliv-
ering that at No. 67, 11—street. Place
it only in the hands to whom it is direct-
ed—don't want to trust it to any one
else."

The clerk saw on the outside, Mrs.
Richards, No. 67, 11—street. The door
bell was rung. The servant ushered
Copeland into a small neat parlor, where
sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty
years of age, plainly dressed, engaged
in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed
and inquired for Mrs. Richards.
"She is not in, but is expected present-
ly. Will you be seated?"

There was an ease and quietness, and
an air of self-command about this person
which seemed to Copeland peculiar. He
felt at home (you always do with such
people) made some common place re-
marks, which were immediately respon-
ded to; then another, and soon the con-
versation grew so interesting that Mrs.
Richards was nearly forgotten. Her al-
sone was strangely protracted, but at
length she made her appearance. The docu-
ment was presented. A glance at the
outside.

"Mr. Copeland"—Charles bowed—
"Miss Peyton." The young lady bowed;
and thus they were introduced. There
was no particular reason for remain-
ing any longer, and our friend took
his departure.
That night Annie said to Mr. Bremen:
"I like his appearance, father."
"Forward march," said old Paul, and
he looked at his daughter with a vast
deal of satisfaction.

"The old man's as swate to-night as a
potato," said James to the cook.
The next day Charles Copeland came
very near writing several times, "To
Miss Peyton, Dr.," as he was making
out some bills of merchandise sold.
"Deliver the paper last night?"
Copeland bowed.
Mrs. Richards is an old friend; hum-
ble in circumstances; the young lady,
Peyton, worth her weight in gold, any
day; have her myself if I could."

"How much you remind me of Mr.
Bremen," said Charles one evening to
Annie. "I think you said you were a re-
lative of his?"
"I am related to him through my moth-
er," was the grave reply.
Miss Richards turned away to conceal
a smile.

Somewhat later than usual, on that
day, Annie reached her father's house.
There was no mistaking the expression
of her countenance. Happiness was
plainly written there.
"I see, I see," said the old man: "the
account is closed—books balanced—have
it all through now in short order. You
are a sensible girl—no foolish puss—just
what I want—bless you child; bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost
the first time in his life, rather late to
his counting-room. Casks and boxes
seemed to be starting with wonder.
"Copeland, heard from Mrs. Richards
—proposal to my relative Peyton—all
right—done up well. Come to my house
this evening—never been there yet, eh?
Eight o'clock precisely—want to see you
—got something to say."

"How much interest he seems to take
in the matter," said Charles. "He's a
kind old fellow in his way; a little rough,
but a good heart."
Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder
than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely the door
bell of Mr. Bremen rang. Mr. Charles
Copeland was ushered in by my friend
James. Old Paul took him kindly by the
hand, and turning around abruptly, in-
troduced him to: "My daughter, Miss
Annie Peyton Bremen," and immedi-
ately withdrew.

"Charles, will you forgive this?"
"If you knew all my motives and feel-
ings, I am sure you would."
That the motives and feelings were
soon explained to his entire satisfaction,
no one will doubt.
"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted

old Paul, as he entered the room, "no
use in a long engagement!"
"O, father?"
"No use, I say—marry now—get ready
afterwards—next Monday evening—who
cares?—want it over—feel settled.
Shan't part with Annie, though—must
bring your wife here—wife rather lone-
some—be still—no words—just have it
so—partner in business—Bremen &
Copeland—got the papers all drawn up
to-day—can't alter it. Be quiet, will
you?—won't stay in the room?"
I have now finished my story, reader.
I have given you the facts. I cannot say,
however, that I approved of the decep-
tion practiced upon our friend Charles.
As, however, our Lord commended the
"unjust steward because he acted wisely,"
so, I suppose, the good sense shown
by the young lady in choosing a husband
for the sake of what he was, and not for
the sake of what he might have possess-
ed, merits approbation.

It is not every one who has the moral
courage to step out of the circle which
surrounds the wealthy, and seek for
those qualities of mind and heart which
the purse can never give nor take away.

TO THE LADIES.
If you are a lady, and I take you to be,
and are invited to perform at a party,
wait till each person in the house has
sawed you three times; it won't do to be
in a hurry about this. Then go to the
piano modestly, if you can, of course
asking pardon of that smiling gentle-
man's toes you tread on, and take your
seat. You are expected to say you have
forgotten all the pieces you knew. You
will say this just before you begin.
Blush slightly, if you can, and prelude
with animation by thumping thunder
out of all the lower notes as if you wish-
ed to bring the house down, which you
certainly might; then gallop up the gra-
duated like an iron shod hurricane and close
by knocking two or three little notes
higher than a kite. There is a great deal
in beginning to commence, then go on
with anything you please. If conversa-
tion grows loud around you, don't worry
about it for they won't detect any of
your mistakes. If they remark you played
it out well, make as much of a com-
pliment of it as you can. After this you
will be expected to sing—have a bad
cold, &c., but you will vocalize a little
anyhow. Be sure you have the right
accompaniment. Sing very low, they
will then have to stop talking to hear
you. Somebody will say it is very beau-
tiful; this is expected. Sing the next
song louder, but don't allow your voice
to rise high enough so as to get beyond
your reach.

If a young man inadvertently ask you
to commence at the last verse of the doz-
enth song and sing the balance, it will be
because he hasn't got rear-ear.

If they express satisfaction at the end-
ing of a song, saying it was the finest
part, how gracefully, if you can. Be
sure and make them as anxious to have
you stop as they were to have you be-
gin. You then will have rest the rest
of the evening. If you don't, set me
down as not having truth enough to
stock a small auction store.

LAW OF VERACITY.
The Watchman and Reflector has the
following excellent remarks upon the
law of veracity, when violated:
When we state as true what we do not
know to be true.
When we intentionally produce a false
impression.
When we find that we have, though
undesignedly, conveyed a false impres-
sion, and do not hasten to correct it.
When we state a matter in the least
degree different from the shape it has in
our own minds.
When in the statement of what may
be true in fact, we purposely omit any
circumstances which are necessary to a
correct apprehension of the truth.
When we exaggerate or extenuate any
of those circumstances.
When we purposely arrange the facts
of a true representation in such a man-
ner as to deceive.
When, with intention to deceive, we
accompany a statement with a look of
the eye, a tone of the voice, a motion of
the head, or anything which may influ-
ence the mind and conduce to a false im-
pression.
When we answer a question evasively
so as to deceive, under the secret pre-
tense that the inquirer has no right to
know the truth.
When by word or act we create an ex-
pectation which we do not intend to ful-
fill.
When we create an expectation which,
though we intend to fulfill it, we after-
wards fail to fulfill, without due care to
explain the cause of the failure.
When we do not fulfill a promise in ev-
ery respect precisely as we supposed the
promise understood it.
When we fulfill a contract or a promise
in every particular, except at the time,
and make no effort, show no disposition
to give early notice that the delay will
be unavoidable.

THE following anecdote of Ben. But-
ler is as like him as if he had sat for it:
It is ever the case with effervescent
material that to be sparkling it must be
thoroughly bottled. This has proved to
be the case with Gen. Butler—the
tighter the place the greater the "pop."
The General, while in active practice in
Massachusetts, was a terror and torment
to judges of thin calibre. Judge Sanger,
on one occasion having been bullied and
badgered out of all patience petulantly
asked, "What does the counsel suppose
I am on this bench for?" Scratching his
head a minute Benjamin F. replied:
"Well, I confess your Honor's got me
there!"

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